

BIRTHDAY

The Ganges rose to the leviathan

A cloud came and gobbled the Phoebus

A vacuum prevailed

Everything stopped to the dead

Not a feather, not a leaf

The time stopped and so did life

As the timeless reigned

A feeling, a religion, a philosophy

Reduced to nothing

Sorrow, anger, pain

Joy, elation, pride

Tension, pity, strain

All thrown aside

The Acme and the Core

The Zenith, the Nadir

The far, the near

No woes, no fear

Like the effulgence in the dark

Like the oasis in the desert

Like the earth in the ocean

Like the pause in the motion

Not a god, not a lord

With a frown on mankind

With nothing, with everything

All the darkness, all the light

All the questions, all their answers

All the doubts, all the certainties

Everything seemed collinear

Everything glittered yet not perturbed

The waves and the songs all lasted

A myth from the heaven chose to fall

The Halo, the Aurora Borealis, the Ignis fatuus

The celestial fucking started

The cosmos ejaculated a perpetual glow

The Hades waited for the quantum ghost

The war waged and the blissful pain persisted

A layman preached the genesis

A sage preached the war

A soul preached the nothing

A work done

Undone

All the blossoms sold

All the colors used

All the beauty spoiled

Everything remained untouched Indifferent

The heaven-born demon wailed high

The goblins danced the Omega

The olympian omelet spelt the Omen

And there wasn't even a Nowhere

The sperms swam in an ocean of stars

To search for a just partner

To punch into a colossus

Chanting the doom of the dead

The mothers lay naked

The fathers on them

To give birth to an infinity

The bastard Nature buggered

A billion and eighty times

And no son of a bitch

To prevent the divine

From attaining the eternal high

All the universal wonders

Deemed to the puny

With a supracosmic indifference

The dimensions went astray

All the riches and all the virtues

Amalgamated into a big ball

To play football with it

For the fun of the cosmic Czar

The Oracle sounded a catastrophe

A chaos amongst the asteroids and the meteors

A pandemonium occurred in the kingdom of comets

The anarchy plundered the perennial peace

A golden-soft bathed the culmination

That smelt a smoked rose

The quest for the quarks and the Vedic hymns

Sang the ecstasy of a never-ending charm

Men fell for men

Women for women

Defying the Nature

Ignoring existence

All the animals refusing to grow but to live

Platonic love ousting the corporal pleasures

An unpronounced evolution changed the being

The Absolute attained the throne all alone

There wasn't a piece of stone

No more sentiments

Intelligence out of availability,

Thoughts existing but no...

A confusion devouring the emotions

Mind and soul all merged into a single hole

The vagina of Venus bleeds

Reptiles...reptiles...reptiles

All protesting the curse of the Creation

To them life: eczema of existence

The electronic enigma

And the molecular metaphor

Bombarding the atomic asceticism

The philosophy of the proton

And the nobility of the neutron

Recreate the nebula of the nucleus

The cosmic egg floating on an ocean of semen

To seek a string of islands

The quintessence of which is a countdown

Ten, nine, eight, seven, six, five, four, three, two, one, zero

I am born.

INTERNATIONAL MEN'S DAY

Then there was man

Who fought the wild

Braved the winter

Dodged the sun

Made the fire

Rode a wheel

Tilled the land

Dug the sand

Brought water

Carved cities

Read books

Pulled the trigger

Went to space

Ruled a people

Left a sperm

A fragile Y

That has to

Somehow

Beat 2X

To stay in the fight...

CAFÉ 65

A sound is a uniform pattern of audible vibrations.

The one that was created when...

The cup full of tea

fell on the floor

from his hand

Or

When the fat tea-seller

slapped the little boy

for having dropped

the cup full of tea

Or

When the little boy

fell thereby hitting

his forehead on the floor

and letting out

a stream of blood

Or

When I stood up

took out my revolver

and shot the fat man

at the forehead

exactly where the

little boy was hurt

Or

When the fat bastard

fell on the ground

and died

but

not at once

since the bullet

missed the G-spot

by a whisker.

A noise is an inconsistent pattern of audible vibrations.

The one that was created when...

An ambulance

and a police car

arrived together

at the scene

of crime.

[Café 65 is the name of the tea-stall where I met the first person of this piece of work, one fine evening]

THE ARCHITECTURE OF A DREAM

I still couldn't remember the entrance

Simply because it never happens

But found myself vague in

The long corridors of melatonin

The ones that led into

A room that became rooms

Different and many

I had been to

The open courtyard

And the garden

Yet couldn't recall when

The water of the fountain fell

Like the sound of a forgotten smell

On the timeless space

I think I was on the terrace

Then...

DOG CIVILIZATION

High, high, high

Up in the southern sky

On cloud nine

My penthouse looks divine

Low, low, below

I see them moving slow

Lesser mortals, lowlives:

A Dog Civilization thrives

They can't move fast

For they aren't destined to last

They bark and they fight

Eat, Shit and mate day and night

In houses and on streets

They live with whosoever greets

And though they stink

They claim they can think

Now from my penthouse I see

Another penthouse way above me

From there on my foot, a bone fell

Enchanted, I started wagging my tail.

SNOW

Snow is falling...

On the treetops

On the rooftops

On the doorbell

Snow is calling...

METAMORPHOSIS OF THE BUTTER-MAN

Yesterday, he came with lots of butter

Some yellow, some white, some grey

Silent as ever, not a word did he utter

His beautiful butters lay ready to prey

The sun was hot like a frying pan

It melted the butters and the man

Came evening, away the melting goes

By night, once again the butters froze

Today, a huge chunk of butter is it

The breakfast smells of milk and cheese

A diet very healthy indeed

But for that little blood and bone to tease.

POV

A ball

rolls on the terrace

falls through the air

hits the sidewalk

bounces a few times

rolls on the sidewalk

stops.

The CHILD

dies.

LEATHER SOFA

I am sitting on a leather sofa

In front of me a low oval wooden table

On the table a glass

In the glass some whiskey

In the whiskey some sleep

In the sleep an oblivion

In the oblivion some solace

That You could have given me

By not drinking the whiskey

By not getting high

By not abusing me

By not getting killed

By not sending me to jail

By not depressing me

By not making me a drunk

By not making me drink the whiskey

In the glass

On the low oval wooden table

In front of the leather sofa

That I just left

For good

For our home

For another leather sofa

Where we made love the first time

Where we fought the last time

Where your eviscerated body lay that day

Where asleep now lies another:

A helpless little body commemorating our dead love story.

THE YELLOW TRAM WITH A RED SCAR

As I take a stroll every evening

There in those woods so green

I watch come to me from afar

A yellow tram with a red scar

The tram comes from a future

I conceived in the past

A world with a bloody culture

I once designed to last

Now as I board the tram

I journey to my end

For my future is a sham

My death's a trend

But the tram changed course

And travels back in time

For my past's the true source

Of each and every crime

The tram moves fast

And the woods go brown

As I reached my past

I got down with a frown

It took me some time

I righted my past

I cremated my crime

Returned at last

As I strolled the after evening

Within my mind ever so green

I perceived a thought afar

Yellow, but without a scar.

HOW TO MAKE AN OMELET ?

Step 1

Pick up a stone

Aim well at the hen

Now the egg lies alone

As the bird flies away in pain

Step 2

Pick up the egg

Put it in your handbag

Let the chick-less hen beg

Let the childless mother nag

Step 3

In the frying pan

Heat the oil a little late

Sprinkle some salt if you can

Crack the egg and fry the omelet

Step 4

Serve the delicious omelet

With some green chili sauce

On a pretty looking glass plate

As another mother awaits a child loss.

LOVE

The war is over

Bodies lie dead

Vultures hover

Soulless, naked

The sun is a little too bare to handle

For there is shame everywhere

And though the moon holds the candle

Nights just don't care

Not a soul is in pain

For there is pain nowhere

How on earth could there be a pain!

When there isn't a soul anywhere!!

Where are all the souls?

The corpses stare at the heavens high above

As they lie in their holes,

Their souls look for new bodies destined to love.

THE FOUR DECADES OF THE DECLINE OF THE CONJUGAL DIALOGUE

, , , , , , , , , ,

: : : : : : : : : :

: : : : : : : : :

.

SOME TIME BACK

Speeding frames, chocolate wrappers

Satin tracks, nettled trappers

Flying footboard flirting with danger

Twenty knot knot knot winks at the stranger

Meadows green smoke iron dark

Whistling birds at dogs bark

Blitzing low

Met a crow

Then hair, I saw her

The sweet thereafter.

PEDOPHILE

It's 7:00 pm

Mother is making dinner in the kitchen

Bill is doing his homework in his room

I am washing my bicycle in the backyard of our house

Cindy is watching Tom and Jerry on TV

It's 7:30 pm

The doorbell rings

Tom and Jerry is over.

POÈME

Plevons amis le doux

Du ciel noir de soucis

Notre terre en souffre, et nous

Le feu, le sang – les pis

Notre terre est en feu

Nos mères pleurent leurs fils

Pour mourir, il s'en faut de peu

À vivre, c'est rester dans les vices

Allons aller à la guerre

Mais cette fois sauver la vie

Nous devons les pleurs à nos mères

Faisons de notre terre un paradis.

[LES VÉCUS par Mainak Ganguly]

POÈME

Tu viens et me soulèves

Mon ami, mon rêve

Comme je déteste la vie

Que je vis

Tous les bonheurs s'échappent de moi

Triste et déçu, je dors pour toi.

[LES VÉCUS par Mainak Ganguly]

POÈME

Nous rentrons de là

Il est minuit

Le ciel étoilé luit

Nous sommes trois

Nous étions quatre

Mais elle s'enfuit

Nous rentrons de ses obsèques

Nous rentrons de là

Ses souvenirs, ses rêves, son amour

Nous rentrons avec tout cela

Nous rentrons d'Au-delà.

[LES VÉCUS par Mainak Ganguly]

POÈME

Le soleil se jette sur ses cheveux gris

En passant par la vieille grille

Demain il aura sa liberté de toutes ses peines

Désormais il ne portera jamais de lourdes chaînes

Mais ça lui fait très mal de quitter cette salle

Son cœur s'est déjà mis à faire de tristes râles

Il se lève mais il ne peut pas marcher, il tire

Les chaînes auxquelles il est attaché, la situation empire

Il ferme ses yeux – Demain s’ouvre

On l’amène dans le gouffre

Il s’adosse contre le mur

La carabine rugit

Une bourrasque de vie

Le saisit.

[LES VÉCUS par Mainak Ganguly]

POÈME

Le stylo rouge patiente pour être pris

Contre le mur il y a le tapis

Sur le fridge les lunettes attendent

Au fond du placard quelques poésies s'étendent

Celles-ci ont longuement mérité un beau lot

Cependant des mites en mangent chaque jour quelques mots

Au-dessous de tout cela vivent bien les beaux-arts

Qui depuis toujours abritent la vieille famille Lézard.

[LES VÉCUS par Mainak Ganguly]

L'HISTOIRE DE NODI

Le tumulte prévalait sur toute ma vie où...

Nodi me dit de me marier avec elle aussitôt que possible car ses parents se dépêchaient de la marier avec un Das, un monsieur...Monsieur Das qui était médecin. Mais, malgré moi, je ne pouvais pas me marier avec Nodi comme je n'étais pas un monsieur Das mais un monsieur Ganguly qui était un pur chômeur flop or je savais très bien que je devrais faire quelque chose qui puisse m'unir à Nodi à jamais et j'en parlai à Dupur, Monsieur Dupur Dutta, mon âme-y, qui me conseilla de me trouver un emploi, peut-être dans l'usine où il travaillait , et ainsi de me débarrasser de ma vie de chômeur et de me marier avec Nodi car nous savions très bien que les parents de Nodi ne marieraient jamais leur enfant unique à un chômeur...un pur chômeur flop...un Ganguly flop...un FLOP???

...Attends! Attends! Y a encore à cette histoire et cela nous amena, Dupur et moi, dans cette usine...cette petite usine... cette petite usine de jute dans le quartier de Gondalpara.

Et là lorsque, comme pour travailler, nous nous mettions debout devant la grande machine parlant tonnerre aux autres qui en faisaient autant je ne pouvais rien entendre... ni Dupur, ni les machines, ni les autres qui y travaillaient comme moi pour gagner leur Nodi ou leur vie, je sais pas quoi. De plus, ces râles finirent même par m'empêcher de m'entendre à jamais et...

Le silence règne partout.

DEVLOK

After having served his office for a little more than four years, Eshe was asked to practise the pursuit solo. He was ordered to leave the premises of the Mission with immediate effect and pursue the Quest in the austerity of the Devlok — a mountain range to the north of the plateau where the Mission is situated.

Eshe took his belongings — his body, mind and a cloth bag that had nothing except the mark of the Mission. It took him two full days to reach his destination — a cave some three thousand metres above sea level. There was nothing in the cave except for the energy of his predecessor who once meditated here. It was dark outside, very dark and probably that's what poisoned the cold even more. The next day even before a daybreak Eshe had already surveyed the place: He found a stream not very far and a few vegetation even, some fruits he never knew existed before.

The cave was in the luxury of the Nature. Everything was bright and beautiful around. The day brought him songs of birds and a gentle breeze on a tender Sun. Eshe performed the necessary rituals and sat down in the required posture just a few feet away from the cave. The serenity and the opulence of the place had an immediate effect on his body and mind. The breeze, the fragrance of the flowers, the chant of the birds, the warmth of the Sun and life of the place took to him. Eshe was not able to concentrate at all and was hungry. He tried a few fruits from the trees nearby and was even hungrier. He drank some water from the stream and his thirst was more.

Eshe was feeling sad all of a sudden. He remembered his Mission fondly and was craving to join his brothers back there. He recalled how they used to be together all the time in the Mission and how they used to have fun amongst each other: The prayers, the activities, the classes...Eshe saw his family right in front of him. His father — oh, what a loving man he was. He used to shower Eshe with gifts when Eshe was a child. He could see the sad smile on his Mother who died when Eshe was so young. Eshe was very fond of his sisters and how they used to play hide and

seek in the woods nearby... Tears were rolling down Eshe's cheeks.

Eshe opened his eyes. The Devil was smiling at him.

THE ENLIGHTENED

A breeze strayed about for some time before dropping a seed on the ground by the riverside.

The river flowed...

Sid wandered about for a few months before falling unconscious with a fever. He was unconscious for quite some time and one day in the morning when he opened his eyes he found that his fever had gone away.

Sid got up and looked around him. He found that he had been lying under a huge tree. He saw a river flowing not very far from where he was. Then he saw the mountains and the forests.

Sid was tired and famished. He sat down under the tree. He rummaged his rucksack for some cake or biscuit; didn't find any though. He was in despair.

Something fell on his lap. Sid saw that it was a fruit. A big yellow fruit. It smelled appetizing. Sid ate the fruit. It was delicious! He was full. He leaned against the trunk of the tree and closed his eyes.

Somewhere afar a cow was mooing. The birds were chanting. The river was flowing. A gentle breeze was blowing. The sun was shining. It felt aware under the shade of the tree...

And then there was light when awareness met Me.

PIERRE ET PAUL

Pierre rencontra Paul au carrefour de la rue Bazin. Paul ne l'avait pas vue. Il fut étonné. Puis en douleur. Son front saignait profusément. Paul avait spontanément mis la paume de sa main droite sur le point de contact. Il se sentait un écoulement tiède sur le dos de sa main. Ses yeux étaient fermés. Et finalement lorsqu'il ouvrit son œil gauche il savait déjà où poser son regard alors.

Paul la trouva par terre sur le trottoir à quelques centimètres d'où il était debout. Elle fut dans les derniers moments de son inertie et taquinait Paul dans sa mésaventure en se balançant le corps noirond tel un rire moqueur mais discret.

Le mouchoir sur la plaie, Paul se pencha sur Pierre qui s'étant déjà arrêtée de bouger le fixait sans mouvement aucun de corps, ni de

métaphore.

Paul prit Pierre et la plaça au creux de sa paume. Il se leva la main au niveau de ses yeux pour examiner Pierre de plus près.

Il y avait sur son petit corps lisse et noirond une fine trace rouge. Pierre était immobile. Elle fut rigide et froide. Elle fut inerte. Paul fut en vie: il pleurait, il saignait, il était en douleur... et d'esprit et de corps.

Les mâchoires endurcies, Paul s'affermi l'index, le majeur et le pouce autour de Pierre et se tourna le cou. Pierre, quant à elle, rentrait peu à peu dans un état d'activité.

